K.Edw. I, if thou ſay I to my requeſt,
No, if thou ſay no to my demand.
Lady. Then no my Lord, my ſute is at an end.
Glo. The widdow likes him not, ſhe bends the brow.
Cla. Why he is the bluntеſt wooer in Chriſtendome.
K.Edw. Her lookes are all repleate with maieſty,
One way or other ſhe is for a King,
And ſhe ſhall be my loue or elſe my Queene.
Say that King *Edward* tooke thee for his Queene.
Lady. Tis better ſaid then done, my gracious Lord,
I am a ſubiect fit to ieſt withall,
But farre vnfit to be a Soueraigne.
King Edw. Sweete widdow, by my ſtate I ſweare, I ſpeake
No more then what my heart intends,
And that is to enioy thee for my Loue.
Lady. And that is more then I will yeeld vnto,
I know I am too bad to be your Queene,
And yet too good to be your Concubine.
K.Edw. You cauill widdow, I did meane my Queene.
La. Your grace would be loath my ſons ſhold call you father.
K.Edw. No more then when my daughters call thee mother.
Thou art a widdow, and thou haſt ſome children,
And by Gods mother, I being but a batchellor,
Haue other ſome. Why tis a happy thing
To be the Father of many children.
Argue no more, for thou ſhalt be my Queene.
Glo. The ghoſtly father now hath done his ſhrift.
Cla. When he was made a ſhriuer, 'twas for ſhift.
K.Edw. Brothers, you muſe what talke the widdow
And I haue had, you would thinke it ſtrange
If I ſhould marry her.
Cla. Marry her my Lord, to whom?
K.Edw. Why *Clarence* to my ſelfe.
Glo. That would be ten dayes wonder at the leaſt.
Cla. Why that's a day longer then a wonder laſts.
Glo. And ſo much more are the wonders in extremes.
K.Edw. Well, ieaſt on brothers, I can tell you, her

Sute is granted for her husbands lands.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. And it pleaſe your grace, *Henry* your foe is
Taken, and brought as priſoner to your Pallace gates.
K.Edw. Away with him, and ſend him to the Tower,
And lets go queſtion with the man abont
His apprehenſion. Lords along, and vſe
This Lady honourably. *Exeunt omnes.*

Manet Gloſter, and ſpeakes.

Glo. I, *Edward* will vſe women honorably,
Would he were waſted, marrow, bones and all,
That from his loynes no iſſue might ſucceed,
To hinder me from the golden time I looke for,
For I am not yet lookt on in the world.
Firſt is there *Edward*, *Clarence*, and *Henry*,
And his ſonne, and all they looke for iſſue
Of their loynes, ere I can plant my ſelfe.
A cold premeditation for my purpoſe,
What other pleaſure is there in the world beſide?
I will go clad my body in gay ornaments,
And lull my ſelfe within a Ladies lap,
And witch ſweet Ladies with my words and lookes.
Oh monſtrous man, to harbour ſuch a thought!
Why loue did ſcorne me in my mothers wombe.
And for I ſhould not deale in her affaires,
She did corrupt fraile nature in the fleſh,
And plac'd an enuious mountaine on my backe,
Where ſits deformity to mocke my body,
To dry mine arme vp like a withered ſhrimpe,
To make my legs of an vnequall ſize,
And am I then a man to be belou'd?
Eaſier for me to compaſſe twenty crownes.
Tut I can ſmile, and murder when I ſmile,
I cry content, to that which greeues me moſt.
I can adde colours to the Camelion,

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